

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

Is It Worth While?

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Is it worth while to jostle a brother,
Beating his head on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other,
In blackness of heart that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife,
God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumph we fool
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than
And mightier far for woe than weak words are.
Were it not well in this brief life's journey,
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a debt instead of a servant,
"Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever, and aye, in dust at his side?"
Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all in place on the plain;
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And leads in his heart of his peril and pain.
Shamed by the beauty that go down on the
plain.
Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow down into the dust?
God pity us all? Time too soon will turn
All of us together life leaves in a gust,
Thumbed, indeed, down into the dust.

STORY TELLER.

The Yankee Schoolmasters.

On "Miller's Hill" a farm house stood, a lowly structure, built of wood; whose clap-boards, weather worn and gray, were falling into slow decay; whose mossy, wooden lane-troughs swung from rusty iron, rudely hung; whose curling shingles here and there betrayed the need of good repair; whose ancient chimneys, capped with stone, with lichens partly overgrown, above the sagging roof looked down upon the spires of Brandon town.

An old gray barn was built near by, with heavy girth and scaffolds high, with solid sills and massive beams, and through the cracks and open seams, the slanting sunshine used to play in golden gleams upon the hay, where oft with many a laugh and shout, the children jumped and played about at hide-and-seek, or looked with care for hidden nests in corners there. Where oft at morn they used to hear the cackling hen and chattering, where, by the broad floor, 'neath the mows, were cribs and stanchions for the cows, and strong plank stalls, where horses stood to eat their hay from racks of wood, and, in a corner, stowed away, a fanning mill and old red sleigh. Where jolly farm boys husked at night, the golden corn by candle-light, and hung their lanterns by the bay on pitch-forks thrust into the hay, where, sheltered from the autumn rain, with thundering flails they threshed the grain.

Each year the hum of honey-bees was heard amid the apple trees; the lilacs bloomed, the locusts fair, with their sweet fragrance filled the air; the stubble fields were plowed and sown; the warm rain fell; the bright sun shone; the robin sang; the green grass grew; the roses bloomed in the dew; the tall, red hollyhock once more, bloomed brightly by the farmhouse door; the sunflower bent its gaudy head; the cattle in the pasture near, and sounds were wafted to the ear, of waving fields of tasseled corn, of clattering scythe and dinner horn. The reapers reaped their golden sheaves; the swallows left the stuccoed eaves; the apples in the autumn breeze, grew ripe and mellow on the trees; the leaves were swept about the air; the fields were brown, the woodland bare; the snowflakes fell; the air grew chill; the sleighbells rang on "Miller's Hill."

The winter was overcast, the snow and sleet were falling fast. 'Twas Christmas eve, the air was cool. The children hurried home from school, with laughter loud and outcries shrill they reached the farmhouse on the hill; they came across the kitchen floor, nor stopped to shut the entry door, all striving first the news to tell, exclaimed in concert, with a yell: "The teacher's coming! here to stay; he's up the road a little way; he stopped to talk with Susan Stow, and we ran on to let you know."

The mother stopped her spinning wheel, and put away her creaking reel, swept up the dusty hearth with care, rolled down her sleeves and brushed her hair, smoothed out her rumpled gingham gown, and in her rocking-chair sat down; then, striving hard to look her best, she calmly waited for her guest.

Her ruddy, round and fleshy face, was bordered by a cap of lace; her nose was nearly hid from view by her

plump cheeks of healthy hue; her eyes were bright, her hair was thin, she had a heavy double chin; her husband's arms, when both embraced, would barely circumscribe her waist.

Of all large women, nine in ten will most admire the little men, and little men—why none can tell—will love large women quite as well. They woo, they wed, the man through life is quite overshadowed by his wife.

Soon, parting from his rustic flame, the tardy young schoolmaster came. His eyes were blue, his features fair, his chin overgrown with downy hair; behind his ears his locks of brown were smoothly brushed and plastered down; his bony limbs were large and long, his well-trained muscles firm and strong. The tall, stout boys that years before, had thrown their master through the door, his rod regarded with dismay, and seldom dared to disobey. The pride and hope of Hubbardston, was tall Lycurgus Littlejohn, who had, his fellow townsmen said: "A heap o' larnin' in his head."

(Three terms, at Middlebury College had given him his "heap o' knowledge.")

He often used to sit between the fair young girls of sweet sixteen, and kindly helped them "do their sums." They brought him fruits and sugar plums; they had their girlhood hopes and fears; his words were music to their ears, each smile he gave them had a charm, each word would fill them with alarm. What envious looks at Susan Stow, his favorite scholar, they would throw.

Her eyes and hair were dark as night, her skin was soft and smooth and white, a peach like bloom her cheeks overspread, her lips like cherries ripe and red. What wonder he could not conceal the glad, sweet thrill he used to feel through all his palpitating frame, when to his desk she coyly came, and, looking up with eyes of love, like some shy, timid little dove, would softly ask him to expound some knotty problem she had found? What being in the world below seemed half as sweet as Susan Stow? Her eyes would flash, and in return, his face would flush and strangely burn, and when he tried to calculate some long, hard "sum" upon her slate, the figures danced before his sight like little goblins gay and white, and when at night, with cheerful face, he started for his boarding place, what wonder that his pace was slow in walking home with Susan Stow?

The woman crossed the kitchen door to meet Lycurgus at the door, and, with a scrutinizing stare, she said: "Walk in an' take a chair, an' be to home while you are here. Come, Bosby, take his things, my dear." Forth from his corner by the fire the husband came at her desire. His head was bald, save here and there, stray little tufts of grizzled hair; his shoulders stooped, his form was thin, his knees were bent, his toes turned in; he wore a long, blue flannel frock, gray trousers and a satin stock; a cotton collar, tall and queer, was rudely crumpled 'neath each ear; his face was mild, his smile was bland as he put forth his ponderous hand and said: "I think I see you well, I hope you'll stay a leetle spell; we're plain folks here, I'd have you know, an' don't go in for pride nor show." Then, after stepping on the cat, he took the teacher's coat and hat, and hung them on a rusty nail, and, picking up his milking pail, he slowly shuffled out of doors, and went to do the evening chores.

Close by the firelight's cheerful glare, Lycurgus drew his easy chair. The savory steam of chickens slain came from the black pot on the crane. The kettle's merry song he heard; upon the hearth the old cat purred; while by the chimney corner snuggled the house-dog dozed upon the rug. Along the chimney piece of wood an idle row of fatirons stood, two candlesticks in bright array, a pair of snuffers and a tray. The time-worn clock ticked slowly on; it ticked the hours forever gone. "Forever gone," from day to day, in its tall case of sombre hue—'twas fifty years since it was new. Between the windows, small and high, a looking glass was hung near by; a brazen bird, with wings outspread, perched on the scroll work, overhead; beneath, a shelf, the common home of family Bible, brush and comb; above, from iron hooks, were hung long frames with apples thickly strung, and fixed upon the walls to dry, were wreaths of pumpkin kept for pie.

From the battery to the fire came Aunt Rebecca McIntyre, a sallow spinster, somewhat old, whose mellow

age was seldom told; her hair was short her nose was thin, it nearly touched her toothless chin. Life's weary work, with constant care, had worn a face that once was fair.

Each Sabbath morn from spring to spring within the choir she used to sing, in ancient bonnet, cloak and gown, the oldest relics of the town. Beside the chorister she stood, and always did the best she could, and, while with tuning fork he led, she marked his movements with her head; her nasal voice rose sharp and queer above the deep-toned viol near.

She took the black pot from the crane, removed the kettle from the chain, and made the tea and chicken broth, drew out the table, spread the cloth; then from the cupboard, bright and new, brought the best china, edged with blue.

The chores were done, the feast was spread, all took their seats and grace was said. They ate the savory chicken stew, so juicy and so well cooked through; before them, rich, round dumplings swam on steaming bliscuit, cold boiled ham, with feathery biscuits warm and light, with currant jam and honey white, and, crowning all, a good supply of yellow, meaty pumpkin pie. Where such a bounteous feast is found, who would not teach and "board around?"

The supper done, the father took from off its shelf the sacred Book, and read of Him who stilled the sea one stormy night in Galilee; then, kneeling down before his chair, he asked the heavenly Shepherd's care.

Soon from the group, with drowsy heads, the children started for their beds; took off the little shoes they wore, and left them on the kitchen floor; then, bidding all a fond good-night, with pattering feet they passed from sight.

Dear little feet, how soon they stray from the old farm house far away; how soon they leave the family fold to walk the shining streets of gold, where every hope is real and sure; where every heart is kind and pure; where every dream is bright and fair.—Oh! I may we meet our loved ones there!

The farmer left his cozy seat, with clattering slippers on his feet, went to the cellar where he drew a mug of cider, sweet and new, and from his broad bins brought the best and ripest apples for his guest. Then by the warm fire's ruddy light, they lingered until late at night; strange legends told and tales that made them all feel nervous and afraid.

But "Aunt Rebecca" watched in vain the curling smoke above the crane; she nodded, dozed, began to snore. She dropped her knitting on the floor, awoke, her eyelids heavier grew, arose and silently withdrew.

Along the creaking stairs she crept, to the lone chamber where she slept, and close the window-curtains drew to screen herself from outward view. She stopped the key-hole of the door, she set the candle on the floor, looked 'neath the valance—half afraid to find a man in ambush; then sitting down, aside with care she laid her garments on a chair, slipped on her ghostly robe of white, took off her shoes, blew out the light, then in darkness, from her head removed her wig and went to bed, curled up, with chilly sobs and sighs, and quivering, shut her drowsy eyes.

Poor single souls who sleep alone, the night wind hath a dismal tone to your lone ears—you start with fear at every midnight sound you hear, when late at night with weary heads you creep into your lonely beds. The nights seem long, your lips turn blue, your feet grow cold—you know they do!

She slept at last; she heard once more the ripple break upon the shore; again she sat upon the strand, and some one clasped her fair young hand, and words were whispered in her ear that long ago she loved to hear, and, starting up she cried in glee: "I know you would come back to me."

She awoke. Alas! no love was there. Her thin arms clasped the empty air. "Twas but a dream. She lived alone. Without she heard the night wind moan, while on the window-panes the snow was wildly beating. From below the smothered sound of voices came, where still with Busby's social dame their guest sat by the fading fire and watched its fleeting flame expire. Awhile she listened, but no word they uttered could be clearly heard; but soon a recollection came that sent a shudder through her frame—the sausage, to be fried at morn, the breakfast table to adorn, was in the bed-room where their guest would soon betake himself to rest. The clock struck ten, she softly said, "I'll get it ere he goes to bed."

The spare bed stood within a room as chill and humid as a tomb; 'twas never aired, 'twas seldom swept; in its damp quarters spiders crept; they built their bridges through the air, and no rude broom disturbed them there. The rain, that fell on roof decayed, dripped through the chinks that time had made, and on the whitewashed walls ran down in wondrous frescoes tinged with brown, the "window-panes with frost o'er-spread, were warmer than the icy bed. Cold was the matting on the floor, cold blew the breeze beneath the door; cold were the straight-backed chairs of wood; cold was the oaken stand that stood on spindling legs that looked as chill as lone, bare pines, on some bleak hill; high rose that bed o'er things below, like some tall iceberg capped with snow. Here every highly honored guest, when bedtime came retired to "rest."

Within its large and moldy press hung Mrs. Busby's best silk dress; her Sunday bonnet, shoes, and shawl, on rusty nails against the wall, by Mr. Busby's suit of blue, that at his wedding had been new. Here on a peg his best cravat reposed within his old fur hat; here, shuf from sight of human eyes, were rows of mince and apple pies, with rolls of sausage and head cheese, stored on the shelves and left to freeze.

From out her cot the maiden crept, slipped on her shoes and softly stepped along the hall and through the gloom until she reached the chilly room. Unseen she crossed the icy floor, unheard unlocked the closet door, snatched from the shelf, in a firm hold, a bag of sausage, stiff and cold, then turning quickly, sought to beat, a sudden, safe, and sure retreat. Too late! A light gleamed on the wall, and sounds of footsteps filled the hall, then to the room came boldly on the stalwart form of Littlejohn! She backward stepped and stood agast, then closed the door and held it fast.

With chattering teeth and trembling frame across the floor Lycurgus came. He placed the candle in his hand upon the spindling oaken stand. Then closed the door, and with a frown, within a cold chair settled down. He threw his boots upon the floor, and, rising, tried the closet door; but Aunt Rebecca, in affright, clung to the latch with all her might. To look within Lycurgus failed, he turned away and thought it nailed. Then, pulling down the snowy spread, he put his warm brick in the bed, took off his clothes, and slipped between the sheets of ice, so white and clean, blew out the light, and with a sneeze, close to his chin he brought his knees, beneath the clothes he drew his nose, and tried in vain to find repose; while Aunt Rebecca, from the wall, took down the Sunday gown and shawl, she wrapped them round her freezing form, and blushed to keep her visage warm.

The paper curtains, loosely hung upon the windows, rustling swang, while through each quivering, narrow frame of frosty panes a dim light came, that made the furniture appear like dusky phantoms crouching near. Lycurgus listened in the storm, and hugged his brick to keep him warm, but colder grew the humid bed, the clothes congealed around his head; to feel at ease in it he tried; he tossed and turned from side to side; each time he moved, beneath his weight, the bedstead creaked like some farm-gate. His brick grew cold, he could not sleep, a strange sensation seemed to creep upon him, while across the floor he closely watched the closet-door.

Was he but dreaming? No! his eyes beheld, with wonder and surprise, what man had never seen before—there was a movement at the door. It slowly turned and to his sight, came through the dim, uncertain light, a hideous hand, that in its clasp some awful object seemed to grasp, a crouching form with frightful head, seemed slowly coming to the bed. He heard the rusty hinges creak, he could not stir, he could not speak, he could not turn his head away; he shut his eyes and tried to pray; upon his brow of pallid hue the cold sweat stood like drops of dew; at last he shrieked, aloud and shrill—the door swung back and all was still.

That midnight cry, from room to room, resounded loudly through the gloom. The farmer and his wife at once, within their warm and cosy nest, awoke and sprang, in strange attire, forth from their bed loud shouting—"fire!" But finding neither smoke nor flame, soon stumbling up the stairs they came. In cotton bedquilts quaintly dressed. They heard a deep groan from their guest, and, full of

wonder and affright, pushed in the door and struck a light.

Deep down within the feather-bed Lycurgus had withdrawn his head, and, out of sight, lay quaking there, with throbbing breast and bristling hair. They questioned him but he was still; he shook as if he had a chill; the courage was completely gone from tall Lycurgus Littlejohn.

What human language can express, the modest maiden's dire distress, while standing still behind the screen, a sad spectator of the scene? What pen or pencil can portray her mute despair and deep dismay? A while she stood, and through the door she peeped across the bedroom floor; the way was clear, and like a vise, she grasped the sausage, cold as ice, sprang from the closet, and from sight she glided like a gleam of light, away without a look or word, she flew like an affrighted bird, without a moment of delay, the mystery cleared it self away!

Again the snow gleams on the ground, again the sleigh-bells gayly sound, again on "Miller's Hill" we hear the shouts of children loud and clear; but in the barn is heard no more the flapping flail upon the floor. The house is down, the inmates gone, and tall Lycurgus Littlejohn is now an old man, worn with care, with stooping form and silver hair. He married dark eyed Susan Stow, and they were happy, years ago.

When, in the merry winter-time, their children's children round him climb, he tells them of his fearful fright on that far distant winter night, and after they are put to bed, when by the fire, with nodding head, he sits and sinks to slumbers deep, he quakes and shivers in his sleep, alas! he is but dreaming still of that spare bed on "Miller's Hill."—Eugene J. Hall in Chicago Tribune.

Expectation vs. Results.

An old merchant tells this anecdote illustrating the probability of business sales:

A young friend called the other day in high glee. He was about concluding arrangements with two others to embark in the jobbing trade and was quite sanguine in his expectation of results. As I did not express full faith in his anticipations he rather resented my doubts. At my suggestion he took pen and paper and put down, first of all, his proposed expenses. I could see that he had not done this before, as he seemed startled to find that even at the moderate estimate he had made the total expenses for rent, clerk hire and living of the several partners amounted to \$8,200.

"Now for the amount of business," said I.

"Oh, as to that," he replied, "we hope to sell \$300,000 worth of goods a year."

"But what amount of trade do all of you at present influence? Make, now, a careful estimate of the business you can rely upon with some degree of certainty." He did so, and to his surprise it did not quite reach \$125,000.

Now what profit can you average upon that? After some debate it was fixed at 7 1/2 per cent.—\$9,375.

"Now, what shall we call the losses?"

The latter was settled at 2 1/2 per cent on sales, amounting to \$2,125, leaving the net income \$6,250, or \$1,950 less than enough to pay his estimated expenses. The young man left, proposing to show the estimate to his associates, and after figuring awhile arriving at a more satisfactory result, they abandoned the undertaking. There is no doubt that if all, when about to embark in trade, would thus boldly look at the figures, instead of closing their eyes and hoping for the best, there would be fewer failures among business men and less complaint that "trade is overdone."—Detroit Free Press.

Mahogany Signs in England.

It is well said that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives. Here, where pine and poplar are used for signs, comparatively few are aware that mahogany is the kind of wood largely used for that purpose in England. A lumberman from Bradford, who not long ago visited this office, stated that such was the case. When redwood was introduced into England this gentleman thought at first blush that the lumber was so clear and wide it would be excellent for signs. It was tried, but for some reason it did not come up to the Englishmen's idea of eternal durability, and mahogany was again resorted to.—Northwestern Lumberman.

The Shah's Great Wealth.

What he terms his museum is a curious place. It contains a profusion of costly articles and objects of art such as exist nowhere else at the present day, it being the opinion of well-informed Europeans, who have viewed these treasures, that their money value is perhaps twenty-fold that of the contents of the so called green vaults at Dresden. It is impossible to give exact figures, for they could only be obtained after long and minute inspection and valuation by experts; but roughly estimated, it is probable that there is more than a hundred million dollars worth of jewelry, precious stones, coined and uncoined gold, costly *objets de vertu*, fine porcelain and glassware, old weapons and armor, tableware and ornaments of exquisite Persian and Hindu workmanship, etc. The so-called peacock throne (a part of the plunder Madir Shah carried off from Delhi one hundred and fifty years ago) is alone valued at many millions, even after a number of the large, rough, and uncut jewels have been broken out and stolen.

It is an incongruous place, this museum. There you will see vases of agate or gold and lapis lazuli, said to be worth millions; and alongside of them empty perfume bottles of European make, with gaudy labels, that can be had at wholesale for about five cents apiece. You will see priceless mosaics and exquisitely painted cups, and cans, and vases, which were presented by some European potentate; and side by side with them you will notice horrible daubs, veritable ten-cent chromes, picked up the Lord knows how and where. You will perceive glass cases filled with huge heaps of rubies, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, turquoises, garnets, topazes, beryls, of all sizes and kinds, cut and uncut; and cheek by jowl with these your eyes will see cheap music boxes, Jew's harps, squeaky hand-organs.

The Shah must also be in a condition to "bull" the market on pearls; for here is, for instance, a big glass case, twenty-four inches long by eighteen inches wide and high, that is more than half filled with beautiful pearls (mostly from the Persian gulf fisheries) of all sizes and degrees of loveliness. In a separate long case the orders and decorations of the Shah, coming from nearly every country in the world, are kept on exhibition; but the crown jewels are in a little box that is always locked and for which the Shah himself forever, waking or sleeping, carries the keys. The contents of this box and of the several vaults where he keeps his piles of piles of bright, shining, unused money, he never allows others to view, although the museum may be visited once a year by the European diplomats and the friends that they vouch for.

The Cosmopolitan for December.

The rumored visit of the ruler of Persia to Europe, makes the beautifully illustrated article on "The Shah and His Court," by Wolf von Schierbrand, with which the December number of *The Cosmopolitan* opens, very timely; it presents the Shah in the light of an avicious barbarian, to whom cruelty and the accumulation of wealth are sources of great pleasure. Olive Thorne Miller's article on "Mr Crowley, the Chimpanzee," illustrated by J. Carter Beard, the well-known animal artist, is a charming study of a creature in the Central Park Zoological Museum that attracts more attention than any other New Yorker. "From Forest to Floor," a profusely illustrated article by J. Macdonald Oxley, contains a graphic, interesting, and valuable account of lumbering and the lumber interest in Canada. Accompanying a beautiful frontispiece of Mme. de Longueville, engraved by Emile Clement, is an article entitled "A Politician and a Saint," by James Breck Perkins, who describes vivaciously and wittily the career of the handsomest and most notable Frenchwoman of the seventeenth century. Frances Courtenay Baylor, the accomplished Southern writer, contributes a humorous story, entitled "Mr. Chubb and the Cold Punch." There is also a fine fragile love story, entitled "Ysult," by Paul Diaz, and a pathetic sketch, entitled "Lynhaven Cross," by John Esten Cooke. "Modern Magicians," by Dr. Felix Oswald, "Sharking Off Nantucket," by Arlo Bates, and "Dangers of the Ice Pack," by W. H. Gilder, with poems by James Whitcomb Riley, James T. McKay and Robertson Trowbridge, complete the interesting table of contents.

THE HORRIBLE CRIME OF A PERSIAN PRINCE.

One of the most savage and intractable tribes in Luristan had had for years as their leader a native prince, fierce, brave, terrible to his foes, but liberal to his friends; and with him they had been successful often enough in their quarrels and guerilla wars with the government, when they had refused to pay tribute. The Zil-es-Sultan resolved to put an end to this. He invited the Prince, during an armistice, to come into Isphahan, with a thousand of his best warriors, and to be his guest while the preliminaries to a lasting peace should be arranged. The Prince and his suite were offered safe conduct, and were assured that their persons and property should be sacred under the laws of hospitality. An oath on the Koran to keep the promise was taken by the Zil-es-Sultan, according to Moslem custom, and the Koran sent along as a symbol and proof of this.

The mountain Prince fell into the trap. Though knowing by reputation the Panic faith that the Kadjar dynasty has forever shown its enemies, he believed himself safe, and went to Isphahan with his thousand stoutest men. They were received splendidly, and on the evening of the second day a big banquet was given to all of them. When the feasting was over, Ameer Abdullah Khan, the unsuspecting mountain chief, was invited to Zil-es-Sultan's private room. "Ameer," said the prince, without wasting any time, "I want thy head!" The Ameer at first believed this to be a joke, but was roughly undeceived by the Zil-es-Sultan, who also refused all the ransom offered by the chief for his life and liberty, even when he had offered the whole of his fortune—two million *toman* (three million dollars). "If you had ten times two million *toman* to offer me as ransom," said the Shah's first-born, "you should die to-night, for you are a curse to the land, and a danger to my authority." The Prince stamped his foot; the black curtain in a recess of the room was drawn aside, and out stepped the headsman in his blood-red garb and his long sword under his arm. A whizz, and the head of the chivalrous chief rolled to the feet of Massoud Mirza. The same night, by a preconcerted plan, the weapons of the chief's thousand men were seized and they themselves put in chains. The more active and dangerous among them were put to death, and the rest sent home in exchange for heavy ransom. There has never been a revolt since in that part of Persia.—Wolf von Schierbrand in the December *Cosmopolitan*.

DO YOU TAKE "GODEY?"

Well, you ought to take it. Just look at the January number. Full of bright sketches, sparkling stories, delightful home hints, and directions for making ever so many pretty household decorations. There are poems, fashion notes, instructions for giving receptions, talks on shopping, chats with people who ask questions, information about the world's progress, and a great variety of almost everything else that busy and inquiring people would seek for in a family monthly. Mrs. Croly's discussion of the "Woman's Suffrage Question" will be read with interest by the ladies. The illustrations in this number are elegant and well chosen. The embroidery page will be copied by many skillful ladies.

We like the high moral tone of *Godey's Lady's Book*. Everything in it is such as is worthy of a hearty welcome into the best family in the world. We are glad to know that *Godey's* is increasing in public favor as in actual merit. The largely increasing list of subscribers is the best evidence of this, coupled with the many kind words spoken about it by editors all over the country.

The inducements offered to new subscribers and to those who get up clubs are worthy of mention. We cannot state them all here; but remark that the price of *Godey's Lady's Book* is only \$2.00 a year, and that you had better write to the Croly Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Notice.

A service for deaf-mutes will be held in St. Peter's Church, Portchester, N. Y., on Sunday, January 1, 1888, at 1:30 p.m.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 20, 1887.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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We have carefully read "The Children of Silence; or, The Story of the Deaf," by Joseph A. Seiss, D. D., LL.D., an octavo volume of 208 pages, published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. The book is the result of special study and investigation made by Dr. Seiss, in order to more intelligently discharge the duties incident to his official connection with the Pennsylvania Institution as a member of its Board of Directors.

The author begins by comparing the condition of the blind with that of the deaf; then elucidates on the different classes of persons that are ranged under the one nomenclature of deaf-mutes. The proportion of deaf-mutes to the hearing population in various countries is next taken up, and the conclusion arrived at is that the grand average throughout the world is 1 deaf-mute to 1,500 hearing persons, or, in other words, that there are 1,000,000 deaf-mutes on the face of the earth. The author then dilates upon the chief causes of congenital deafness—consanguineous marriages; hereditary transmission; impressions of mothers; and, constitutional taint. Adventitious deafness is attributed in most cases to congenital feebleness and predisposition, scarlet fever and cerebro-spinal meningitis playing the most disastrous part. A chapter is devoted to a description of the uneducated deaf, their moral and spiritual condition, disabilities in law, etc. The next chapter discusses how the condition of the deaf can be ameliorated. A short history of the early efforts to instruct the deaf of different countries, is followed by a brief reference to modern Institutions, and the volume is concluded with tabulated statistics of deaf-mute institutions in the world.

The book is very interesting, and will be a valuable acquisition to extant literature concerning the deaf. Considering the vast amount of research and information required to produce such a work, in his lucid presentation of facts and the logical deductions therefrom, Dr. Seiss has been wonderfully successful. There is one part, however, that will probably be criticised: In the chapter on the early efforts at instructing deaf-mutes, the author mentions Etienne de Fay, a congenital deaf-mute of France, "a man of remarkable genius, who was so effectually taught, that he became a man of letters, a mathematician, a sculptor, an architect, and a personage of marked accomplishments," who conducted a school for deaf-mutes at Amiens, but "there is no evidence that he was equally successful in teaching others." In connection with the foregoing, Dr. Seiss makes the following statement, so as to convey the impression that his conclusion, which we italicize, was either based upon or strengthened by the meagre knowledge of De Fay's work as a teacher: "It is very questionable whether the deaf, however accomplished themselves, are proper persons to teach the deaf." When it is borne in mind that De Fay's school was in operation fifteen years before the recorded beginning of Abbe de l'Epée, that he is the only deaf-mute mentioned among the "early" teachers, that he was such an extraordinary man himself, and that even De Fay's identity has been hidden for two hundred years, the mere fact that history does not record whether his pupils did or did not develop like intellectual abilities, seems insufficient either to justify any special inference or to add any confirmation to an opinion previously formed.

Those of our readers who would like to possess a well-written sketch of the life of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, would do well to send for "A Biographical Sketch of the Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, LL.D.," which has lately been written by Rev. Henry Winter Syle, M.A., and is illustrated by Mr. W. R. Cullingworth, the deaf-mute engraver, of Philadelphia. The sketch fills thirty-two octavo pages, and the illustrations are numerous and well executed. Further particulars concerning price, outline of contents and address of publisher, will be found in the advertisement on the fourth page of this paper.

A NOVEL SERVICE.

SERMON TO DEAF-MUTES AT GETHSEMANE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Yesterday's most novel and interesting services, was one held at the Gethsemane Episcopal Church, for deaf-mutes. Nearly 200 mutes were present and listened to, or rather looked at a sermon by Rev. A. W. Mann, of Gambier, O. The preacher took his text I Kings, 18: 21, "And Elijah came unto all the people, and said 'How long halt ye between two opinions?' " The interested, intelligent faces, turned to a man who seemed only to be making rapid and grotesque motions with his hands and fingers, formed a peculiar picture, and it was even more interesting when the sermon finished and the mute clergyman answered questions which were rapidly put to him by his congregation.

In a written interview after the service he stated that he was general missionary to the deaf-mutes of the west, northwest and central states.

Those who attended the service yesterday were young people living at their homes in this city, none of them being inmates of any home or asylum for mutes. They all have trades and are doing well, with every prospect of successful and useful lives. Most of them were educated at Fairbairn, and one at London, Eng. They all seemed much pleased with the service and were anxious to speak with Rev. Mr. Mann after the close of the service.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Beware of the Impostors.

It is a matter of common gossip that some people of both sexes in this district have recently invented a way to excite the sympathies of the public for financial aid by fraudulently representing themselves as "deaf-mutes." This never fails to wound the feelings of the deaf people and offend them when they meet the imposture in sight and print. Although the warm friends of the deaf-mutes will use their best efforts to crush out the criminal imposture from refined society, we have notified those in authority to have all the impostors arrested and punished at once in accordance with the statute which reads: "Any person who shall wilfully and intentionally fraudulently present himself or herself to be a deaf and dumb person in order to collect, receive, or otherwise obtain money, food, clothing, or anything of value whatsoever, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

The deaf peddlers from other cities who have tramped about our city from time to time, should not have been patronized. They are circulating news throughout the country that the people here have patronized them so liberally that our city may be flooded with such fraudulent tramps some day.

We are proud to learn that none of our own deaf citizens have ever been peddlers or tramps within our oldest deaf citizens' memory. The deaf of Evansville are all self-respectful and self-sustaining citizens. Our pupils made from \$12 to \$18 a week during their summer vacation. One of them, a shoemaker, has made \$153 in five weeks.—*Evansville, Ind., Journal, Dec. 6.*

WASHINGTON SCHOOL FOR DEFECTIVE YOUTH.

The quarterly meeting of the trustees of the Washington School for Defective Youth was held on Wednesday night at the Institution at Vancouver; the full board, consisting of the Rev. J. R. Thompson, Dr. Randolph Smith and Louis Johns, of Vancouver, F. J. Parker, of Walla Walla, and W. A. Reynolds, of Chehalis, being present. The affairs of the school are in excellent condition both financially and otherwise, owing to the strict economy and good management of the director, Mr. James Watson, who was elected in July last. The trustees have with great difficulty kept within the small appropriation made by the last legislature, and it can be truthfully said of them that they have worked harder and made a better showing than any other body of trustees ever appointed, and yet they receive no pay from the territory. The school now educates and cares for twenty children of both sexes, and the exhibition given by them to the trustees previous to the meeting was a source of no small astonishment to them. Children 7 years of age, whose minds were perfect blanks before their admission three months ago have become wonderfully proficient and understand how to spell and write most admirably. Some of the older youths can do anything but talk. The children are all deaf and dumb with the exception of one blind boy for whose especial benefit a lot of books for the blind was generously donated by Dr. Anagnos, superintendent of the Perkins Institute for the Blind, Boston, Mass., and to whom the trustees have sent a vote of thanks. With the idea of obtaining all necessary data relative to the defective youth of Washington territory, the directors recently sent out 340 circulars addressed to teachers in their different educational sections. To these he has received 193 replies. There are known to be thirteen deaf and dumb, two blind and sixteen feeble minded who are not at present in schools, and seventeen deaf and dumb, and one blind in steady attendance. The appropriation made by the last Washington territory legislature was ridiculously small and largely experimental, but the results achieved have been so productive of good that there will be, or at least should not be, any objection to an appropriation large enough to erect a large brick building to replace the present wooden structure which the people of Vancouver erected at their own cost.—*The Morning Oregonian, Dec. 2.*

ITEMIZER. COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

1 (Rev. A. W. Mann will hold religious services for deaf-mutes in Cleveland, O., on January 1st.

Miss Lena Batchelor, who left the New York Institution twenty years ago, is working in a Connecticut rubber factory.

There are four mutes living Swedenboro, N. J. They are Mr. and Mrs. David D. Flagg, Miss Emma J. Hughes and a Mr. Toole.

Miss Lucy Sweet will receive New Year's calls at the residence of Mrs. Clara Roberts, 1599, corner of Lexington Avenue and 101st St.

Mrs. H. G. Moody, of East Rochester, N. H., was prevented from attending the Boston Jubilee by visitors at her home. Her son Charles, and also her aged mother, will stay with her all winter.

Cordelia Kuhn, formerly of Central Bridge, N. Y., now lives in Quaker Street, Schoenectady County, N. Y. She was a classmate of Mrs. Ellsworth A. Brown, of Utica, and would like to hear from that lady.

There is at present working in the Times office, as compositor, Isaac K. Carney, a deaf-mute printer. Isaac is a good workman, and is probably the only deaf-mute in the State following the art preserve as a business.—*Stochelabo, N. J. Times.*

Matthew M. Charleston, a deaf-mute (champion) hand ball player, will join the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of New York this month. He came from Ireland, and is a first class carpenter by trade.

Mr. W. F. Howell is working with the American Mining and Milling Company, of Connecticut, as a carpenter. The superintendent, Mr. Seeber, is an uncle of Miss Frances C. Hawkins, of the New York Institution. Mr. Seeber gave each of the employees a Christmas present.

The New York DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL exhibits a commendable stroke of enterprise in its last edition which contained full and concise accounts of the Gallaudet Centennial Jubilee at Boston and a similar celebration at Philadelphia, and, withal, appeared promptly on time.—*Michigan Mirror.*

Amos Smith, of New Boston, N. H., again comes to the front with monster Baldwin apples, which measure nearly twelve inches in circumference. He had a good talk with John Bowden, of the Beverly School, in Boston, during the jubilee celebration. The prospects of the school are very bright.

The meeting of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union was held for the first time at No. 235 East 14th Street, last Thursday evening. Handsome chairs and tables were bought for the Union costing over \$150. The Union has the whole floor on the fifth story of the purchased building. One of the rooms is large enough to accommodate two hundred members. It will be the leading deaf-mute club in America.

James Whelan, a deaf-mute of East Arcade, was in town recently and deliberately stole \$20 from the pocket of Joe Sayers who lay in a drunken stupor. Whelan was arrested and brought before Justice Torrey, and upon his acknowledgment of the theft, return of the amount stolen, and payment of \$6.50 costs, he was discharged with a severe reprimand. Whiskey and bad company will ruin James, if he don't turn over a new leaf.—*Jason Eagle, Java, N. Y., Dec. 22.*

Mr. Rollin Wells, and wife, from San Francisco, while on a visit to friends in Connecticut, took a pleasant trip to Boston, Mass., to pay a fitting tribute to the centennial birthday of the deceased R. V. Gallaudet, and they enjoyed the jubilee very much. Mr. Wells' friends failed to recognize him, because of his changed appearance. He is a fine looking gentleman of commanding look, and he is hale and hearty, kind and generous, beloved by all his friends and many acquaintances. All who have become familiar with his pleasant and genial face while visiting here, will be sorry to part with him on his return to California. Mr. Wells is very proud of Mr. Chase's entire success in all his endeavors in connection with the jubilee. Mr. Chase was a classmate of Mr. Wells, and brother ally, beloved by him through their school days at Hartford, Conn.

A School for Catholic Deaf-Mutes.

Cardinal Gibbons has made arrangements with the Rev. E. V. Lebreton, of Philadelphia, to teach the Catholic deaf-mutes of Baltimore, and he will visit the city once a month for that purpose. The work will be organized and known as the Deafine Association, with Rev. Father Whelan, of the Cathedral, as rector, Miss Juliana Moylan will be the teacher of the female deaf-mutes and Daniel Moylan the teacher of the males. There are about 25 Catholic deaf-mutes in Baltimore.—*Baltimore Sun, Dec. 14.*

Hereditary Deafness.

For several months Prof. Bell has been going deep into his researches on the subject of hereditary deafness. He has conducted a wonderfully correspondence with people in all parts of the world to hunt up every scintilla of evidence necessary to trace out genealogies. He will eventually make public his discoveries, showing hereditary deafness in the same line of descent for two hundred years. The professor has also constructed a valuable machine for talking with deaf-mutes. It is something like the typewriter in theory, having a keyboard which turns up big plain letters in such a way as to construct a word, and so facilitate conversation.—*Baltimore Sun.*

DEAD AT 82

Mrs. Betsey Green, mother of Wm. H. Green, died at Worcester, Mass., on the 10th inst. of paralysis. Mrs. Green left Gardener, Me., about twenty-five years ago, soon after the death of her husband, Lawson H. Green, and has since resided in Worcester. She was one of the earliest members of the Congregational Church in Gardener, and has always led a consistent Christian life. Her funeral was held at her daughter's, Mrs. J. N. Stinson, on Monday afternoon, the 12th and on the following day, Tuesday, her body was brought to Gardener, accompanied by her son, Chas. F. Green, and buried in Oak Grove Cemetery by the side of her husband. She had many warm friends during her residence in Gardener and Worcester, whose sympathies are with the afflicted relatives in their sad bereavement. Her age was 81 years, 8 months and 11 days.

Christmas.

EXAMINATIONS.

Vacation Notes.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

During the past week, examinations have absorbed the attention of every one connected with the college. They began on Wednesday, and for two days after, the College chapel presented the familiar scene of anxious-faced, hard-working students, gathered in groups about the plain pine tables, and watchful professors overlooking the whole from the platform and like oaks of vantage. To a person who had no other interest in the scene except that which curiosity lends, it was probably highly diverting to watch the look of despair that would creep over the face of some student as he was confronted with his examination paper, the desperate efforts he would make to attract the attention of his nearest classmate without being caught at it, the appealing manner in which he would ask for assistance, and the look of blessed relief when the desired assistance was forthcoming. Not that every student was thus embarrassed, for the great majority betrayed no such trepidations while under fire, but this is the most amusing and striking side of examinations, and the one which appeals most immediately to the sympathies. It would be a hard-hearted man, who could resist the pathetic appeal of some one who felt that a condition was staring him in the face, so what assistance is possible is readily given. Besides, it would not be safe to refuse, for the too conscientious man in all probability would go in a similar fix himself some fine day, and then he would ask for help in vain. It is to be remarked that these men who have conscientious scruples about assisting a friend in distress have not the least compunction about accepting assistance when they are in a tight place themselves.

But examinations do not last forever, which is a matter for congratulation. On Saturday morning, the results of the examination were announced. The showing was a fairly good one, while a mark of 10 in mechanics gained by Charles, '89, was particularly good. In the introductory class, the examination occasioned some surprise. Mr. Barton coming out first, Miss Lange second and Miss Lowman third. Of the five young ladies, three passed and two were conditioned.

Christmas vacation began at the conclusion of the chapel services on Sunday morning. Quite a large number of students went home, and those who remained set to work with their vacation plans. As Christmas fell on Sunday, the day was necessarily very quiet, and seemed like neither Sunday nor Christmas, being too noisy for the one and too quiet for the other.

The Christmas dinner was hardly up to the usual college standard, the turkey, which usually constitutes the *piece de resistance* (both in the English and French sense of the phrase), being underdone, and not very inviting. The rest of the eatables were very good, and if the expectations of the students were not satisfied their appetites at least were. The rest of the day was spent very quietly in reading and writing, and thinking of the pleasant time fathers and mothers, sweethearts and friends, were having at home. Our students are rather a harum scarum lot, as college students always are, but nothing strikes a person more than the comparative respect in which the Sabbath is kept. A student would no more think of doing a piece of mischief on Sunday than some people would of beginning a journey or an important enterprise on Friday.

The snow of the last few days has entirely disappeared; and so the coasting on Capitol Hill, such as it was, cannot lend its aid to the holiday enjoyment. But still there is plenty of amusement to be found among friends in the city, and those who are not blessed with friends find a highly acceptable way of spending evenings in friendly games of chess and innumerable rubbers of cribbage. Our shadow pantomime is also an event, which should not be overlooked in the sum total of available distractions for the holidays. Then will the society man marshal the prettiest girls of his acquaintance, and bring them here, to be the envy of those less fortunate, and that is all they want.

But the best part of vacation is the blessed knowledge that you will not have to get up betimes in the morning and explain to a merciless professor, why the sine of a parabola equals the cosine of a right-angled octahedron, when in the depths of your soul, you do not believe parabolas have got any sines at all, and do not care if they have got twenty. Nor will you have to construct choice phrases in French to the effect that "the mother-in-law of that farmer's wife might have put seven pigeons on the astronomer in the pocket-book of the beggar," or tell the difference between *voilà* and *il y a*. Hence vacation, were it twice as dull as it is, would be grateful.

ODDS AND ENDS.

An illustration of the truth of the saying that one must go away from

home to learn the news, is found in an item in the personal column of the *Post*, of Monday last. It was gravely announced that Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, late president of Kendall College, was then on a visit to the college.

Professor Chickering delivered a lecture in the city last Tuesday, on "Alaska." The *Star* speaks very highly of it, and says that it will do much to dispel the erroneous impressions, which most people entertain, of our great north-western territory. With the vivid recollection we have of the lecture on the same subject, which the professor delivered to the students last winter, we are quite sure that this lecture fully merits the praise which it has received.

Lipsett, '89, has left college for good, taking with him a certificate of honorable dismissal. He originally entered college for a three years' course, leading to the degree of B.L., but when the faculty decided to require four years' work of all candidates for this degree, he decided that it was hardly worth while to remain a year longer, and hence will not return after the vacation.

It is said that the students, and pupils of the primary department, will be tendered an invitation to a social gathering in the students' dining room next Wednesday evening, by Mr. Wight, the supervisor.

A freshman, who determined, as examinations approached, to make up for his past lack of attention to his studies by systematic "plugging," as hard study to pass an examination is called, is the author of the following pathetic wail:

"Plug! Plug! Plug!
Till the brain begins to swim
And Plug! Plug! Plug!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Latin, Geom. and Swint;
Swinton, Geom. and Lat.
Till over the volumes I fall asleep,
And resolutions to ' cram, ' fail flat."

Conditional examinations will take place on Saturday, January 6th, as will also the examinations in Greek.

The Juniors having got safely through the intricacies of Mechanics, will probably celebrate the event in a proper manner, and cremate with due solemnities this last scion of the house of Mathematics. The last formal cremation was that held by the class of '86, and of late years the event has not been observed in the customary manner.

Dr. Gallaudet, after wishing the students a Merry Christmas, left last Monday for Philadelphia, to deliver a lecture. He then proceeded to Hartford, to rejoin his family.

Those who have the good fortune to be able to go home for the vacation, are Goldberg, '88, Washburn, '90, Hemrod, '91, Round, '91, Sanders, '91, O'Rourke, '91, and Wurdemann, '91. Prof. Hotchkiss and wife have gone to New Haven to spend the holidays.

Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, has been appointed by the President of the Senate to fill the vacancy in the Board of Trustees of this Institution, occasioned by the death of Gen. Dunn. Mr. Hawley is a man of broad and liberal views, and is decidedly an acquisition to the board.

Mr. A. J. Andrews, of Atlanta, Georgia, visited the College last Sunday.

The prayers will be held in the chapel at 9:30 on the two Sundays in the vacation. Attendance on them is voluntary.

Mysterious boxes, packages and parcels, have been arriving all the week, and it looks as if the home friends of the students were far from forgetting them.

Dec. 26, 1887.

A. J. Lamoreaux has started a weekly paper in La Junta, Col., which bears the elevating name of *The Derrick*.

A short time ago we, the General Missionary and the Missioner to deaf-mutes, journeyed together and talked on paper. It is wonderful the work our brother is doing. In spite of his peculiar difficulties he travels over fourteen dioceses, from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi River. Of the 9,000 deaf-mutes in this section, he reaches 3,000. Of these he has baptized 405 and has 317 communicants. Sometimes a deaf-mute will come 100, or 200 miles or walk 50 to a service. Mr. Mann said he traveled 40,000 miles a year, and of the twelve years of work eight had been spent away from home; and, if I remember correctly, he had lost 700 nights of sleep. And yet he is not tired of the work, but we thought the proper authorities should compel him to take a rest. Besides visiting Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis and numerous other points, he attends to ten State schools for deaf-mutes. In this beautiful chain of mission throughout the country are working Rev. Drs. Gallaudet and Clerc, and Rev. Messrs. Chamberlain, Colt, Syle, Berry, Koehler and our own Brother Mann—a man in the truest sense of the word, a Christ man, baptized with the Master's tireless energy and self-sacrificing spirit.—*Rev. A. B. Nicholas in the Standard of the Cross.*

They Didn't Hear What Cabbie Said.

There was a disgusted lot of cabbies at the foot of Cortlandt street this morning. A number of them were in line and as usual the passengers had to thread their way through a volley of "Cah! coupel cab!"

At the tail end of the procession the cabbies saw coming five gentlemen, each with a well-dressed lady upon his arm. The hackmen's eyes glinted in anticipation of the rich harvest. Each pitched his voice a note lower. The procession moved past. Not one nodded to a cabbie, nor shook his head, nor even glanced at the hackmen, who grew red in the face with their exertions. The cabbies rushed along the line again and shouted still louder. They followed the crowd to the middle of the street.

At last the fat policeman, who had been doubled with suppressed laughter during the performance, recovered his voice and shouted: "Come back here, you fools, every one of that party is deaf and dumb."—*Evening Sun, Dec. 19.*

From the South.

HARRISTON, MISS., December 20, 1887.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I have just arrived here from New Orleans via Baton Rouge to change cars for Natchez. We shall not start in less than two hours.

To kill the time, I will now take advantage of this opportunity to send you some items about deaf-mutes.

I have in my overcoat pocket, a copy of the New Orleans *Picayune* of this date, which has complimented the late Boston Jubilee by saying: "Boston has been having a deaf-mute convention. That should be the best sort of convention in the world to attend. A pin could be heard drop. At most conventions, especially of a political nature, the racket is so great one can not hear his own ears. It would be different at a deaf-mute convention."

I would advise Mr. W. K. Chase, the originator of that very laudable undertaking, to have published, in book form, the full proceedings of the jubilee, which would excite an interest among those who might come across them by chance. To him is due the complete success of the enterprise.

While in New Orleans, La., I was very kindly presented with a very old English Common Prayer book, which contains about two hundred very finely engraved scripture-pictures, which will be interesting to any deaf-mute. I will prize it very highly as long as life remains in me. The rector of St. Paul's Church, who gave it to me, wrote: "Presented to my dear old friend, the Reverend, Job Turner, Missionary to Deaf-Mutes, in memory of many pleasant visits at St. Paul's Rectory and many profitable services in St. Paul's Church. Henry Harrows Waters, New Orleans, Advent, 1887. Isaiah xxxv, 5."

I have at home an ancient book, believed to have been printed in London over one hundred years ago, with many well engraved scripture-lessons in it. About forty years ago, I received it as a present, from a deformed lady, who departed this life not very long afterwards.

During my sojourn at Delavan, Wis., Mrs. McCoy made me a present of about ten valuable books, written by the late Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. I will never cease to appreciate her unbounded kindness.

In my library is kept a small book termed the *Barren Fig Tree*, which that sainted man advised me to buy in Hartford, Conn., in March 1838.

I have in my possession an old book for the instruction of deaf-mutes, which an impostor used in teaching his two deaf-mutes for two years without being caught in his imposture. The book was printed in 1817.

As to deaf-mute literature, I will now send you the following clipping from the New York *Herald* of the 18th inst:

The children of Silence, or the story of the Deaf, is a thoroughly unique book. If there is any class of unfortunate, who call for constant sympathy, it is the deaf-mutes, and Dr. Seiss speaks of them with a tenderness and, indeed, so far as their education is concerned, with a hopefulness, which is at once surprising and delightful. From a merely statistical point of view this volume is valuable. The number of deaf-mutes in the United States, the institutions which have them in charge in all parts of the world—these and other facts are carefully arranged and in such a way that you can get at them without delay or confusion. We have read the book with painful interest and increasing pity for the poor unfortunate whom it describes.

I have got a copy of Dr. Seiss' book, and read it through with real pleasure. If any of the readers of the JOURNAL wants one, he or she can send seventy-five cents by postal note to Porter & Coates, Publishers, Philadelphia, and they will mail it to you without fail.

I assure you that there are many facts in the book alluded to, of which you should not live in ignorance. To live in ignorance of any subject worth knowing is truly a great misfortune.

Please let me say something about Gallaudet and Peet. I know it from the best authority.

While Gallaudet was at the head of the American Asylum, in 1832, he found it necessary to get an additional teacher, so he went to New Haven in a very slow stage, and consulted President Dwight, (?) of Yale College, who recommended Harvey P. Peet to him as the proper person. Then he called on Peet and made the object of his visit known and the latter said that he would give it a careful consideration, before he decided. His friends, as soon as they had got wind of the affair, advised him not to teach deaf-mutes, because they said they felt that he would become a greater man in some other honorable situation. No wonder, he vibrated between acceptance and declination for some time, if I mistake not. Gallaudet then called again and took great pains to persuade him to accept the offer for a year, which he accordingly did on that condition. But thanks to God, after one year, he was so deeply absorbed in the work of teaching deaf-mutes, that he determined to dedicate his life to it permanently. Gallaudet's good judgment and firm decision it was that raised him to the highest degree of fame.

Time calls me to Natchez, so I must stop now.

NATCHES, MISS., Dec. 22, 1887.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Duty has brought me to this fine city to see my deaf-mute friends, as a pastor. In this place is buried Arthur Martin,

principal of the Louisiana Institution at the time of his death.

Last night I came across a book, from which is cited the following: Mrs. Sophia Fowler Gallaudet died at Washington, D. C., May 13, 1876? She was born a deaf-mute, in New England, in 1798, and at the age of twenty years, the pupil of Thomas H. Gallaudet, the father of deaf-mute instruction in this country. Subsequently, she became his wife, and was ever after a hearty promoter of the cause, which is indissolubly associated with his name.

In 1851, she was left a widow with eight children, and in 1857, she, with her youngest son, Edward, who was then twenty years of age, removed to Washington, D. C., where they were invited by Mr. Amos Kendall to take charge of the proposed school for mutes and blind, of which he was the projector. For twenty years Mrs. Gallaudet was identified with this institution, and her son has become permanently associated with it.

At her leisure, Mrs. Gallaudet was in the habit of attending chapel services at the American Asylum, while she lived in Hartford, Conn., in the vicinity of which city she is buried beside her husband in a beautiful cemetery, which contains two hundred acres. The late Rev. W. W. Turner is laid to rest in the same cemetery. Long before his decease, he had had a fine granite monument erected in the midst of his lot. He showed it to me. Two or three years since he presented either Principal Job Williams or the American Asylum with a large package of sermons, which he had preached at the Asylum for many years. I would advise my good friend, Mr. Williams, to have them published in pamphlet form out of the Ellen Lyman publication fund.

I want to give you a fact about Mr. Gallaudet. When he made us a pleasant visit in Laurent Clerc's classroom in 1838, he told us with a smiling face, that he had called on a sick man the day before. The man told him that he could see the angels making signs in heaven like deaf-mutes, and afterwards his spirit flew away.

Please pardon me for saying something as follows: The day after the pitcher presentation ceremonies at Centre Church, Hartford, in 1860, I made my formal respects to Mr. Gallaudet, at his residence, who received me with the kindness of a friend, and who was so much pleased with the prayer which I made at the church as the chaplain of the day, and then he asked me to accept his thanks for it. He asked me the name of my wife, now gone, and sent her a book by me. I am still keeping the useful book in my library. It has in it his own handwriting.

After a while, I shall relate some more incidents about that good man.

I have, in my valise, a good book published in 1837, in which Mrs. Sigourney, the well-known poetess and authoress, said: The girls of a school visited the poor, and formed themselves into a society for their relief. They were her own scholars, and she loved them as children. Their society was regularly organized, and among its officers were four almoners, who, in distributing their bounty, visited the houses of the poor, and made report respecting them. An interesting child, who was deaf and dumb, once accompanied these almoners. In her strong language of signs and gestures, she related what she had seen in an abode of poverty. "It was a small, low room," said she. "The stairs were dark and broken. The snow through which we walked, was deep, and my feet felt very cold. But there was not fire enough to warm them. No, I could have held in one of my hands those very few, faint coals. And there was no wood."

"The sick woman lay in a low bed. If she sat, she shivered, and she was covered with scant and thin clothing. Her pale baby threw up its arms and cried. But there was no physician there. Then the father came in, having in his hand some pieces of pine, which he had picked up. He laid them on the fire. But how soon were they burned up and gone."

"His wife spoke to him, and when he answered, she looked sorry. Because I was deaf and dumb, I know not what they were saying. So I asked my friend. And she told me, the poor woman said to her husband, 'have you not bought a piece of candle?' When he answered, 'no, I have no money.' She said, with sadness, 'must we be in the dark another long, cold night with our sick baby?'"

As the tender-hearted child went on to describe, in her own peculiar dialect, the smiles that came suddenly over the faces of the sorrowing poor, at the unexpected bounty which she aided in bearing, tears of exquisite feeling glistened in her eyes; for her heart was awake to every generous sensibility though her sealed lips were precluded from their utterance.

I am about starting for Jackson, Miss., to spend Christmas with the pupils in the Mississippi Institution, at the request of Supt. Dolbys.

Yours Sincerely,

JOE TURNER.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The following lecture will take place at the room of the Brooklyn Society, No. 108 Grand Street (Tuttle Hall) Brooklyn, N. Y., on the dates given, by the gentlemen whose names are given. The admission is ten cents on each occasion.

COLUMBUS.

Entertainment at the National Soldiers' Home.

A SHOWER OF SILVER

Visitors.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

It was a gay party that left the Institution early on Friday morning bound for Dayton to give an entertainment at the National Soldiers' Home there. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Supt. Pratt, Misses Wagle and Filler, Mr. Frank Flenniken, and eight of the pupils. They were delayed some time by the lateness of trains, but arrived at Dayton without accident, and at once took the "dummy" which landed them at the Home at eleven o'clock. After dinner at the Home Hotel, they went through a rehearsal, and were then conducted through the Home grounds. There are over five thousand old soldiers quartered there, where they get all the comforts of a home and draw their pensions for pocket money. One of the features of the place is an immense beer hall. Each of the veterans who wants it, is allowed five drinks of beer per day, but no more. The profits of the sale goes into the amusement fund, and as the sales are immense, that fund is kept pretty well supplied. Besides keeping the men sober, the beer sold is pure and of a better quality than they can get elsewhere; they were often drugged and robbed in former times.

Their amusement hall is a very fine theatre, having a seating capacity of 1,800. In the evening, when the curtain rolled up, it was nearly filled with blue coated veterans eager to see what sort of an entertainment the deaf could give them. There were very few ladies, wives and children of officers, present, and in this respect the audience was a unique one. The following is the programme:

1. Address, by Supt. A. Pratt.
2. Recitation (with music), "O, Columbia, the gem of the Ocean," by Misses Georgiana Miller, Emma Koh and Mabel Fisher.
3. Class Exercise.
4. "The Banners in the Moon Patch," (with double clog dance), by Ed. Ruth (negro), Frank Gillespie and J. Smith.
5. Class Exercise.
6. "Pantomime (with music and Irish jig)," "Kitty Tyrrell," by Frank Gillespie.
7. Exercises in Articulation.
8. Pantomime (with music and Highland Fling), "Comin' thro' the Rye," by Mabel Fisher.
9. Farce, "The Deaf Artist in Search of the Battle Field of Bull Run," by Messrs. Gillespie, Ruth, Smith, Master Flick, and Misses Miller and Fisher.
10. Recitation (with music), "The Star Spangled Banner," by Misses Miller, Rob and Fisher.
11. Recitation (with music), Doxology, by Carrie Linglie.

The audience was greatly pleased. Several of the performers were repeatedly encored, and the whole performance was a great success.

During the class exercises, persons in the audience were requested to ask questions. One of them responded by asking little Flick which party he preferred. Turning to his blackboard, he instantly wrote: "I am a Republican," which was greeted by a storm of applause, and a shower of silver coins thrown on the stage by the delighted veterans. The same experience greeted Mabel Fisher, when she repeated "Comin' thro' the Rye," and danced the Highland Fling over again.

What puzzled the audience most was how the performers kept such excellent time to the music in the dances and other exercises.

The performance occupied two hours and a half. The party remained at the Home all night. Saturday was spent in sight-seeing at the Home and in Dayton, and they returned home at eight o'clock in the evening. As they were too late for supper at the Institution, the entire party took tea at the "Busy Bee" in the city. After deducting expenses, there will be quite a sum for the fund.

Boxes and packages are piled up by the hundred in the store-room. They will be distributed to-morrow morning, if the youngsters can wait that long without breaking into the room.

Mrs. Supt. Pratt is very proud of her new watch. It is a beautiful, gold, open-faced one, with her monogram engraved on the back, a present from her husband. She has also a heavy gold ring from a couple of the lady officers.

Ed. Scott thinks he has the handsomest umbrella in town, because it has a gold head. Edward and his wife do not eat turkey any more, having more venison than they can dispose of, for a few days at least, from a friend in the far West.

Ed. Dandon and his sister, Mary, have gone to Cincinnati to spend a week with the Woolleys.

Owing to lack of work at the Buggy factory, Messrs. Swords and Crowley have gone to seek pastures new elsewhere. The former will return, if not successful in Cincinnati.

Mr. J. G. Godman, who been playing base ball with a club out in Iowa during most of the season, came down from Cardington with Miss Reinhardt yesterday.

An unusual number of pupils have gone home to spend the holidays.

Mr. George Evans came up from Springfield to day. The firm of which he is a member is so busy, supplying the demand for their patent cotton-planter and other agricultural imple-

ments, that he has to return this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stoddler and Mr. Chas. McGree are visiting Mrs. Linn on Franklin Avenue.

Henry Bards, master of the shoe-shop at the Western Pennsylvania Institution, is here to see how his friends are getting along. He reports the Ohio colony is doing finely.

The Columbus Lit., at its last meeting, on Thursday, installed its new officers. The most entertaining part of the programme of the evening was an amusing dialogue between Miss Nellie Dandon and Miss Conover, in which a doll figured largely.

The other visitors whom I have noticed in my rounds, are Messrs. C. H. Rice, John Benedict and James Caplinger. All are well-to-do and prospering.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 25, 1887.

Romanisms.

Two debates were held before the "Lit." Saturday evening. The first was on the following: Resolved, That fire causes more damage than water. F. Baker and Sidney Taplin succeeded quite well in their arguments, upholding the affirmative side. They cited the frequent calls of the fire-alarm that forced our principal thither to put down the flame.

They commented largely on the destruction daily caused by fire. Saying they could not think of any danger caused by water. Encouraged by the applause they rumaged, through their youthful brains for more remarks to defy their water opponents. They mentioned the Chicago fire, in 1871, that caused so much misery, that it can never be forgotten. The fires that frequently destroy the prairies in the Wild West, were brought forward. They drew the attention of the audience to the risk to the fire-men's lives.

The negative side was upheld by J. Darby and H. Mitchell. Considering it was Master Darby's first debate, he did exceedingly well. He brought to view the floods of the Mississippi and Ohio, relating the many hardships experienced by the families along those rivers made homeless. The wreckage of many an express train was caused by the destruction of a bridge by the floods. Both deserved the laurels as much as the affirmative combatants. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative side, 4 to 1. Then came the most interesting part of the occasion. The debates in which three young ladies were to enter as aspirants for the laurels against three young gentlemen.

"Resolved, That women are less talkative than men." W. Norton appeared for the affirmative side and delivered his speech. I am sorry to say, was not long enough to give emphasis to his remarks, saying that men were the more talkative of the two sexes. He said that he was always in heavenly bliss, when he was in the company of the fair sex, who were hardly talkative, and he rejoiced that he could do his side credit by saying each of his fair opponents were not talkative at all. He expressed his thankfulness that the Roman girls were less talkative than the Roman men.

Cora Shotts next came up, and she succeeded in delivering in her usual forcible way, the arguments that upheld the negative side. She wished to contradict her grand opponent in his statements that she was not talkative, and that men derived no pleasure from the talking of women. She believed that women were the more talkative, and gave her reasons why. She made a long speech to prove that she was talkative, and went on to describe the pleasant times others have with talkative women.

W. D. Sherriff mounted the platform, and his arguments were appreciated quite as much as his ally. He made some funny remarks, which all enjoyed.

Jessie Oliver came next, and her lively speech was applauded. She did her best to drive the last debator into oblivion.

R. Post then appeared and upheld the cause of the other two of his sex. His remarks ran in the same strain as did the others.

Emily Brett answered him, and with girlish gaiety, tried to assume a dignity, belittling the occasion. Her lively speech did her credit. The judges brought in a verdict that gave the negative side the victory, 4 to 1. The young gentlemen expressed their gallantry on wishing the young ladies happiness, and good naturedly swallowed their defeat.

Mr. Albert Burdard, of Oxford, Chenango Co., made his sister a pleasant visit on Monday.

Jennie Easing's father was up to see her on Wednesday, and brought her some Christmas presents.

There was a race by two of our High Class students, on one horse and the other on his bicycle. The bicyclist won.

Grace Rogers was summoned home last week to Syracuse, where her folks moved this Fall.

The weather of late has been stormy and cold. Old Santa Claus will need his fur wraps after all.

Some of the boys of the "Hirsute Club" had their photographs taken Tuesday, before shaving, then they partly shaved and had a goatee for a day, and presented each young lady in their class oranges in honor of the event. Edward Mengling was the one to raise the heaviest beard.

Geo. Snell's mother came up Monday, and took him home to remain over the holidays.

ROME, N. Y.

THE BOSTON JUBILEE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Of course, your readers in New England would like to have a financial statement and other notes concerning the Gallaudet Centenary in Boston. The long-looked-for Jubilee has become a thing of the past, and also a history for future generations to remember. Am happy to say that the first grand Gallaudet Centennial Jubilee came off splendidly, creditable to this generation, notwithstanding the New England General Passenger and Ticket Agents Association refusing to reduce the rates on the railroads to Boston; and some declaring that the Jubilee would prove to be a failure or fraud, as is usual in Boston. It is gratifying to know that Gallaudet Day was observed in many other places, and it will eventually become a national celebration.

It should be remembered that the Jubilee was not for the benefit of the Gallaudet Statue Fund, but its object was to celebrate the Centenary on the grandest possible scale. The expense of the three days' celebration was, of course, heavy, but we came out of the great undertaking all right. With pleasure Treasurer Fairman and I will give the following statement of receipts and expenses and have nothing to conceal:—

The amount of receipts,	\$458 01
" " expenditures,	448 98
Balance,	9 03

The balance goes to the statue fund. The following principal expenses were paid to the city of Boston for the use of Faneuil Hall, \$45; Hall decoration, \$25; hiring three hundred chairs for the hall two days, \$18; E. A. Hodgson for printing three different advertisements, \$35; Attorney Allen for legal services, \$25; the Gallaudet motto with ten extra figures and boxes, \$12.50; Prof. Simpson's exhibition, \$16; Chase's bills of stationery, postal cards, postage stamps, on 2500 circulars in all, and on the large correspondence up to December 5th, \$40.30; Dowd, of Winsted, for printing the circulars, subscription papers and postal cards, \$26.85; Chase's trip to Boston and back, and loss of five days' time last October, \$17.50; Snapper at Faneuil Hall, \$125; Dr. Peet's traveling expenses, \$20; Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's hotel bill and expressage of the Gallaudet silver was \$8; assistants at Faneuil Hall as ticket office agent, door keepers, coat room-keepers, Secretary Frisbee and Committeeman Magee's service, \$18; Treasurer Fairman's fare to Boston and back, \$5.50; and miscellaneous over \$10.

The recent testimonial covered the expenses of my second trip to Boston and also my wife's fare. The presentation was a genuine surprise to me, and I still wonder how they succeeded in passing the paper with numerous signatures without my notice or suspicion. They will please accept my sincere thanks for their kind appreciation, by which I forget the past eight months' hard work.

Dr. Peet generously gave his valuable service on Saturday and Sunday for nothing, and said he was pleased with the honor on the extraordinary occasion. It is not generally known that he was born in the American Asylum, while his father was then the steward. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Dr. Peet are old friends from their boyhood.

As Rev. Dr. Gallaudet came on the regular monthly trip to Boston, he did not care to charge anything for his service and car fare.

Faneuil Hall was a very appropriate place for the said celebration. Without exaggeration there were about four hundred deaf-mutes at the Jubilee. According to the caterer's men counting two hundred and eighty-one plates were taken, but the caterer prepared enough for two hundred and twenty-five plates only, and therefore, called it two hundred and fifty plates, because he was out of some provisions for the other plates. We would have saved the eighteen dollars for the chairs, if the three hundred plates were ordered last November, but some of the committee said that I would be foolishly to do so.

The hall is so immense that they enjoyed roaming about, and also in the upper gallery, and they had several different amusements at one time as they pleased.

The following visitors from great distances were Rollin Wells and wife from California, famous westerner Edwin N. Bowes and wife, near Marsh, and two children arrived in Boston on Friday morning from Indiana, and Mr. Goldman, of Cincinnati. Mr. Wells is a great American deaf-mute traveler. He was my first classmate under Clerc, from Greenfield, Mass.

The oldest person at the Jubilee was Mrs. Rev. Samuel Rowe, nee Kendall, aged seventy-seven. She is wonderfully smart for her age. But Mr. Jonathan P. Marsh, of Connecticut, aged seventy-four, was the oldest pupil from the American Asylum, in 1826. The older ones that could not come to the Jubilee were Mrs. Lamb, and her sister of Connecticut, in 1817; Mrs. Elijah R. Davis, of West Battleboro, Vt., nee Bull, of Connecticut, in 1818, and George Homer, of New Bedford, in 1824.

There is no government brass band of music near Boston. There are only three, one at Newport, others at West Point and Washington City.

Miss Alden, of Maine, did not come, and therefore Miss Laura Bridgman was not at the hall.

A number of contributors to the jubilee fund did not come, but surely enough, they are pleased with the good success of the cause. There was no contribution to the said fund outside New England, and so it was a home enterprise. Certainly there

would have been a greater crowd, if there had been lower rates on the railroads. It has since been learned that the reason of no reduced fare to Boston, the agents say, was that so few from different stations would not pay for printing tickets and other trouble.

Mr. Ira Derby, of South Weymouth, Mass., had the sole privilege at Faneuil Hall to sell his books, entitled the "History of the First School for Deaf-Mutes of America," but Mr. Cullingworth, of Philadelphia was so shrewd as to introduce his new and better book of the latest edition, with more numerous fine illustrations, that he bought out Derby's privilege with his lot of books for seventeen dollars. Mr. Derby generously turned over the whole amount to the Jubilee fund. Mr. Cullingworth quickly made money above the bargain. Every deaf-mute should have this excellent book, as advertised in the JOURNAL.

As to Lawyer Charles E. Allen's services, he did not ask for anything for his trouble, but was satisfied with the pay already mentioned. He was formerly my shopmate in Winsted, and therefore was a great help to me in Boston. He obtained the Faneuil Hall, the Y. M. C. A. rooms, made contracts, and did other services. His office is in Seaboard Building, Boston.

Two weeks before the Jubilee at hand I received an anonymous letter, postmarked Boston, and signed a friend of yours, recommending George A. Holmes as Assistant Manager in case of my sickness, etc. As I thought it advantageous to unite all the factions, at my request, Mr. Holmes accepted the position, but the Committee of the Jubilee met in Faneuil Hall on Friday afternoon, and on reading the said letter, they satisfied themselves that it was written by Mr. Holmes himself, or with his knowledge, and he fraudulently obtained the position. They voted by a great majority to reject his appointment. He denies the authorship or knowledge, and wants to shoot the author.

The Boston Daily Globe, in the morning edition of Saturday, December 10th, published the following good pictures: President Tillinghast, First Vice-President Mrs. Follett, Second Vice-President Bailey, Secretary Frisbee, Treasurer Fairman, humble self, Editor Hodgson, American Asylum in 1821, from an old print, Principal Job Williams, and Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. These pictures were done through Artist Treach's efforts.

The Board of Managers of the New England Gallaudet Association met in Faneuil Hall on Saturday forenoon, and voted for Bellows Falls, Vermont, as the next Convention of the Association next summer, but no date was decided upon.

At last the undersigned wishes to thank every fellow officer of the Jubilee for their harmonious and active co-operation. Farewell to the first Gallaudet Centenary.

W. K. CHASE.

HEROIC NELLIE THOMAS.

HOW SHE RESCUED HER BABY BROTHER FROM BURNING TO DEATH—BRIGHT LITTLE EDITH, WHO IS DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND.

The recent destruction by fire of the residence of Fred M. Thomas in Maplewood has brought into prominence one of the brightest children in this country. This is Nellie Thomas, a little child only four years old, who rescued her baby brother from death. The infant was in the kitchen, which was already filled with smoke, and Nellie, summoning all her strength, removed him to the parlor, snatched the door, and placing him in an easy chair, she began singing him a lullaby to pacify the little fellow, who was sick in consequence of having inhaled the smoke. The children were thus found together when the house became enveloped in flames.

Nellie was seen by the writer at the home of Mr. Burbank in Somerville, where a number of ladies are engaged in replenishing the wardrobe of the Thomas children, all of their clothing having been lost in the fire. She came into the room bringing with her the youthful Ralph, whose special guardian she appears to be. She shook hands cordially, and then evinced great pride in presenting "Ralphie."

Edith M., another one of Mrs. Thomas' children, is particularly unfortunate. At three years of age she suffered from an attack of diphtheria, and following, as an effect of the disease, she was left deaf, dumb and blind. Through the kindness of Professor Austin, of South Boston, the child is now at the Roxbury Kindergarten, where she is being taught the system of arbitrary signs.

When Edith's mother last visited her, she took with her a felt hat and a pair of shoes for the little one. Edith felt the articles over carefully, and then spelled out on her fingers the words "shoes," "hat," the latter article, however, she refused to wear for some time, making known that to her it seemed suitable only for a boy. Her teacher finally removed this impression and she consented to wear the hat.—Boston Globe, Dec. 24.

A LECTURE.

Mr. Thos. F. Fox will deliver a very interesting lecture in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church, at eight o'clock, on Thursday, January 5th, in aid of the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes. Let us come and give a full house, as he is a very excellent lecturer.

A. A. BARNES, Sec'y and Treas.

Gallaudet Day.

Composed and sung by Mrs. Whipple Follett, on "Gallaudet Day," at the late Jubilee in Boston, December 10th, 1887.

With grateful hearts and song of praise,
We here our voices raise,
And celebrate through all the earth
The day that gave Gallaudet birth.

A hundred years have passed away,
Since first he saw the light of day,
In Philadelphia's peaceful clime,
A waif upon the shores of time.

He came not heralded by fame,
Nor did he bear a princely name.
His origin was grand, but low,
Child of the exiled Huguenot.

With matchless love and zeal combined,
He labored to instruct the mind;
For God designed him to become
The Prophet of the Deaf and Dumb.

For more than five and thirty years,
He labored in the vale of tears,
To lead poor nutes from strifes of life,
Up to a higher plane of life.

And when at last his race was run,
And God proclaimed his work "well done"
Beloved by all who knew him best
He passed to his eternal rest.

When Hartford gives her meed of praise,
To her patriot sons of bygone days
Then shall the historian say with pride,
"Was here Gallaudet lived and died."

Then let us in Washington his statue raise,
And show in grandeur to the skies,
That nutes unborn may learn his fame
And honor Great Gallaudet's name.

Worcester, Mass.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Quite a number of deaf-mutes were cordially invited to a Christmas party at the residence of Mrs. E. H. Denny, on No. 36 Highland Street, in Worcester, last night. Mrs. Denny was presented with many nice things. Mr. D. B. Howe acted as Santa Claus, and was the jolliest of fellows, making us laugh at his antics. We spent the time in joking, chatting, and telling laughable stories, and all enjoyed it very much. The party broke up at a late hour.

We talked about the Gallaudet Centennial Jubilee, which was held in Boston on the 9th and 10th insts., and it was proven to be a great success. Several mutes were not able to go to the jubilee because they could not be spared from their places of business.

I understand that we shall hold another convention in Bellows Falls, Vt., next summer, and we hope to be there at the time. We shall have recreation during the vacation next summer.

Mrs. Betsey Green, mother, of Mr. William H. Green, died suddenly on the 10th inst., while he was in Boston. Mrs. Laura, wife of Mr. William H. Green, has been confined to the house for several months, on account of poor health. She is getting along nicely, and I feel confident that she will soon get well.

Mr. Robert L. Livingstone, a prominent citizen, of Goffstown, N. H., was stricken with a shock of paralysis again, but is almost well, although he is ninety. He does not look so old. He has six children, all grown up, three of whom are mutes, namely Hiram L., of Manchester, N. H., J. Edwin, of Worcester, Mass., and Robert D., of New Haven, Conn.—Boston Journal, Dec. 8.

I understand that William H. Green has invited all of his friends, both hearing and mutes to his wedding party (china), next New Year's. We wish him much success on the twentieth anniversary of his married life. It is deemed advisable for all his friends to attend his wedding party. Come, and give him a good time.

We were much surprised to see Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Bowes arrive on the Modoc train from the West. They said they expected to stop in Boston until next spring.

I am very happy to announce to the friends of Mr. J. G. Wilkins that he is still in North Branch, N.H. Mr. Wilkins lives at the old homestead, and will not remove to any other place, because his farm is a very nice one.

I am very sorry that Mr. Eugene Trask, of Deerfield, Mass., met with an accident, so that he failed to go to the jubilee. Hope he will get well soon, so that he can go to Bellows Falls, Vt., next summer.

REPORTER.

WORCESTER, DEC. 25, 1887.

Cireleville, O.

Miss Mary M. Moore returned from Columbus last week, where she has been engaged in the State Bindery on the Institution grounds, a month or so. It is dull at present, and Miss Moore thinks she will go home and remain till Spring with her aged parents. She is for the present visiting with her brother-in-law and family in this city.

Tug Ecord came up from old Williamsport last Saturday, and while in this city, purchased a lot of clay pigeons, for the purpose of having a match at that place on the 22d. Tug is said to be a good shot, and we hope he will carry off the first prize. Your scribe expects to be on hand by invitation of Mr. Ecord and his friends, and if Ecord scores nothing to be ashamed of, we shall let you know in our next letter. While over there, we expect to enjoy a quail hunt with Mr. Ecord and his friends, who are fond of such sports.

As we reported in our last letter, we spent Thanksgiving Day with the Kingry boys up near Orient, this county, and had a most enjoyable time. Among those present, besides their own family and Mr. Prettyman, who makes his home there, were Mr. and Mrs. John Coontz, of Commercial Point, Frank Goldsmith, of Grove City, and your scribe. Had the weather not been as disagreeable, Miss Flora

Voelkel, of Grove City, and a number of friends from Columbus would, no doubt, have also been present. Miss Emma Bard, who was there all summer, left for Findlay, O., in September, as there were no young ladies to enliven the occasion, so us wicked mortals had to pass away the time in old bachelor style, but, nevertheless, we managed to have a good time. We tried our luck at target shooting with an old-fashioned deer rifle, which I took along, and the Kingry boys got struck on it and made me a deal for it, as I came back minus my rifle, but with an additional "oritor" in the shape of a noble animal. I also had my bird dog along, and he did his duty so well, that I was offered several good bargains for him, but I preferred my animal, so I brought him back with me.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Kingry and their two little girls will go on a visit to Mrs. Kingry's parents at Findlay, O., on the 20th, and may remain several weeks.

Alonso, the rich old bachelor, will take a trip, after the holidays, to Lima, Findlay and Piqua.

Dan Prettyman expects to spend the holidays at Reynoldsburg, with his brother and uncle. Perhaps he has a mash up there, but he won't say so.

ROBIN HOOD.

Coxsackie, N. Y.

DEAR JOURNAL:—The writer returned home from a three months' stay.

Timothy Weeks has had his "Queen Anne" house painted thoroughly and handsomely. His wife returned from her visit in Hudson lately. Theirs is said to be one of the prettiest residences in Coxsackie.

The writer was informed that Miss C. Crippen, of Ely Street, had a surprise party given to her last week Wednesday evening. The arrangements were handsome, and it proved a notable occasion.

Several parties of pleasure have followed the betrothal of Miss Jennie Sherwood and Louis Bailey, a deaf-mute. The groom elect gave a dinner at the Elmo Club, where a serpentine wreath of flowers encircled each plate and almost covered the table. There were eleven courses served. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Forbes, the sister of Louis Bailey. The guests were Misses Clara Sherwood and Jennie Sherwood, Carrie Crippen, Mary DeWillegar, and some speaking ladies, with a corresponding number of gentlemen. Timothy Weeks, and his brother William, of East Durham, were with them.

The recent disappearance of William Cheney, a deaf-mute checker-player, who was once the champion of the checker experts of Greene County, has caused a small ripple of excitement in Greenville (twenty-two miles from Coxsackie), where he lived. He was suspected of taking \$350 from his employers there. An anonymous letter was written, stating that William had not gone to the Pacific coast as supposed, but was confined in Hornellsville, N. Y., pending the payment of the money. Detectives were engaged, and an effort was made to find him, but without success, and the effort was abandoned on receipt of a letter stating that William Cheney was in Texas, and intended going to California. It has been learned that he had landed at the place of his desired visit. It was stated yesterday that the matter had been amicably settled to the satisfaction of all interested. William is about forty years old.

The Capitol City Society of Deaf-Mutes of Albany, has thirty-eight members.

Miss Mary Toole is an accomplished lady, residing in Albany, whom the writer had the flattering pleasure of calling upon, last week. She was pleasantly surprised with his visit. Her sister, Mrs. Kate Reilly, is a kind-hearted lady.

A Happy New Year to all, with best wishes of
KAUXAKEE.
Dec. 25, 1887.

THE GALLAUDET CENTENNIAL.

APPROPRIATE OBSERVANCE AT THE AMERICAN ASYLUM IN THIS CITY.

The one hundredth birthday of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet was appropriately celebrated at the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in this city, the first Asylum of the kind in America, where Gallaudet first introduced instruction in the sign language in this country and of which he was the head. Yesterday morning there was an appropriate address at the chapel of the asylum by the principal, Mr. Job Williams. The monument to Mr. Gallaudet in the asylum grounds was tastefully decorated, and on Saturday the actual centennial day, the whole deaf-mute population of the institution, pupils and mute conducted by the principal and by a delegated representative of the Gallaudet family assembled at the grave of Mr. Gallaudet in Cedar Hill cemetery, and each placed upon the grave a sprig of evergreen. Afterward they visited the spot (now a part of the City Hotel) where the American Asylum gathered its first seven pupils in 1817, and later the house on Prospect street where the school was afterward kept, before the present buildings were erected in 1821.

From the beginning in this city, seventy years ago, with seven pupils, under Gallaudet's instructions, there have come sixty-six institutions, instructing 7,000 deaf-mutes, occupying property worth \$7,000,000, and expending annually, \$1,600,000. There are about 30,000 deaf-mute alumni and pupils in this country, whom those in this city who honored Gallaudet at his grave here may be said to have represented.—Hartford Times.

Notice to Subscribers.

Those who have not yet sent in the amount of their subscription to THE DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL, will confer a favor by forwarding the cash without further delay, and save the Editor the expense and trouble of notification by postal card. Do not forget this.

Echoes of the Gallaudet Centennial Celebration at Philadelphia.

Mr. Waters, of Brooklyn, was heels over head in smiles, but is not this the best thing a fellow can do, when he is hedged in by smiling lady admirers.

Mr. and Mrs. Breen and their fat little cherub of a Miss, were present at the Tuesday evening collation in full force.

Mr. Hodgson, that ubiquitous, and only Mr. H., of the JOURNAL, flew down from Boston in all his glory, feeling as "tip-top" as ever, only he stumbled over the usual very inquisitive conundrum as to the whereabouts of Mrs. Hodgson and the rest of his growing family.

Between Mr. Souweine and a young lady friend, there seemed to be a very pleasant understanding; but everybody's business is nobody's business.

Mr. R. M. Zeigler, the genial, aggressive and irrepressible Bob, was in one of the happiest of his pleasantest moods, because an old friend from Gotham favored him with her "light fantastic toe."

The undisputed, fearless, and well-meaning H. P. Arms, the champion of the rights of the deaf-mutes, as they appear to him, turned up quite unexpectedly at St. George Hall. Some of his acquaintances thought he had gone to the antipodes in search of a seat, and he could not help chuckling for half an hour at their amazing disappointment.

Miss Foley was chuck full of smiles, so was Miss Little, and every body else at the Tuesday evening reception.

Mrs. Elwell and Mrs. Breen stuck together like twin sisters throughout Tuesday evening, no doubt conscious of their motherly importance, and sympathetic feeling, since one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

A. Graham Bell

FANWOOD.

A Visit from Santa Claus.

HOW THE HOLIDAYS ARE PASSING

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

Christmas, 1887, came with good cheer, and left us feeling better all around. The absence of over half of the pupils who went home for the holidays did not seem to hinder those who remained from being merry. It is said that it is no Christmas without snow, but plenty of it came in good season as though it was intended as a Christmas present from our Maker, and the ruddy faced youth took the best advantage of this with their sleds and skates.

Falling on the Lord's day, all merriment was reserved for the following Monday. But there were exercises in the Chapel that were both beautiful and impressive. The morning services were conducted by Prof. Currier, and the afternoon services by the Principal, Dr. Peet. Both explained the birth of Christ, and Christmas hymns were signed by some of the smallest and brightest girls of the Institution.

On Monday, everything bore a holiday aspect, from the neatness of the garments worn by the pupils to the white mantle of snow which covered the ground and clothed the trees. Every effort was made to be merry and make merry, not only by the officers and teachers, but by the pupils themselves. The dinner was up to the standard, and it is needless to say that full justice was done, for show as the boy or girl with a better appetite than our pupils, who are healthy and strong.

The custom of decorating the dining room on these special occasions, has not yet passed into oblivion. If it did, there would be something wanting to make the dinner more appreciated. The display was a large painting executed by our ever ambitious and rising young artist, C. T. Thompson, whose cleverness in daubing paint on canvas has received more than one mention in the columns of the JOURNAL. It represented Santa Claus in a sleigh, all robed up in furs, driving down through a beautiful valley with snow clad hills, on either side. In the distance could be seen the red lights of a city, the effect being made more realistic by the glimmer of tapers through the interstices of the canvas which were intended for windows. Overhead, with plain decorations, were the essential words to denote its meaning—"Merry Christmas." Those who assisted in the display were Messrs. Bars, Wankowski, Carlucci, McMickle, Batterly, Hanson and Hamm, and they are all deserving of much credit for their patience and exertions to please the eye of all. It reflects credit upon the department of art. Every year we notice a marked improvement in their taste and judgment of things, and we hope to see still further achievements.

Oranges, nuts and candies were distributed to all in the girls' sitting room in the evening, and laughing faces mingled with good natured jests went round. A grand march, headed by Supervisor Risley, also took place, and nearly every person in the room fell into line.

Some were the recipients of many presents, both useful and ornamental. Besie Peet, daughter of the Principal, probably received the most expensive presents, but the one she prizes the most is a dainty ring with diamond and opal settings.

Christmas boxes brought up to the school by express have been many.

Miss Myra L. Barrager went home to spend Christmas, as well as to be with her mother, who has been very sick.

Miss Georgie Decker, of the art department, is enlivening the little town of Montgomery with her presence.

Miss Frankie C. Hawkins will take occasional trips to Brooklyn and the other neighboring cities. We wish to add that "Nellie" was greatly mistaken in saying that she was ever a resident of Brooklyn. It looks like stealing honors. Fame built that way will not last long, so bear that in mind, "Nellie."

The present which came the longest distance was received by Master H. Black, from Little Rock, Arkansas.

About four o'clock on Monday morning, night watch Gerloff discovered the teachers' dining room on fire. An alarm was promptly sent out, and a few minutes later two fire engines came thundering down the road, but before the hose could be attached and the pumps got to working, the fire was extinguished. It was the promptness of Mr. Gerloff that saved the building from further damage.

We have had three foreign nante visitors within the past week. The first was a tramp from Germany, the next a young man from England, who will try and be admitted as a pupil here, and the third a gentleman from Scotland.

James H. Caton was up here on a short visit with his father last week. Blind James said that after January 4th, 1888, he will give exhibitions with a type writer for a type writer manufacturing company in this city. He is to commit to memory the Declaration of Independence, and then strike off one hundred and fifty

copies of it. After they are done with his services, they will give the blind fellow one of the machines. James was in fine spirits when we saw him.

Among the thousands of people who saw Booth and Barrett in the play, "Julius Caesar," at the Academy of Music, on Monday evening, December 26th, was Miss Frankie C. Hawkins and her escort. She is highly elated over having seen the two famous tragedians.

Mr. Frank Wood, of Virginia, is the guest of Mrs. Henry for a few days.

Arthur Lincoln Thomas spent Christmas with a particular friend of his up here, and left looking his happiest.

The Gallaudet Centennial.

CELEBRATION OF THE EVENT AT THE NORTHERN NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES, AT MALONE, N. Y.

Malone Palladium, Dec. 22.

Deaf-mute education in the United States owes everything to the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, at Hartford, Conn., and its founder, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. It is no wonder, therefore, that the 40,000 deaf-mutes scattered over the country, from Maine to California, and from Nova Scotia and the Dominion of Canada to Texas and Florida hold him in grateful remembrance. The first school for the deaf in this country, established in 1817, with an attendance the first day of seven pupils, is the parent of the sixty-six institutions of its kind the side of the Atlantic. These institutions occupy property worth anywhere in the neighborhood of \$7,000,000, and have among them a daily attendance of at least 7,000 pupils. Whenever a new school for deaf-mutes is established the pupils soon learn the name of their greatest benefactor. Indeed, an old and experienced teacher of the deaf once remarked that he had observed his new pupils never seemed to experience any great difficulty in making the letter G of the manual alphabet, possibly because Gallaudet's name commences with that letter.

Many years ago the deaf-mutes erected a noble monument to Gallaudet in the asylum grounds, but the reverence in which he is held has increased with the lapse of time, and now a national monument to him is to be erected and placed in the grounds of the National Deaf-Mute College—presided over by his youngest son, Edward M. Gallaudet, at Washington, D. C.

Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, than whom the deaf-mutes of America never had a warmer and truer friend, and of whom it can be truly said "his works do follow him," was born December 10th, 1787. To observe the anniversary of his birth, the superintendent of the institution at Malone had, with the assistance of Miss Grace Rider, and Miss Mary Semple, arranged a programme to be carried out Saturday evening, the 10th inst., but as there was some delay in perfecting the arrangements for the masquerade, it was afterwards changed to Wednesday evening, the 14th inst. In the forenoon the superintendent gave a sketch of Dr. Gallaudet's life to the pupils in the room used for a chapel. The fifty-fifth anniversary of the birth of the superintendent happening to fall on the 14th inst., he was made the happy recipient of the following presents: An antique cherry chair from the pupils; a dictionary and a stand from the teachers and other officers of the institution; and a gold-headed cane, from his wife and children.

In the evening the masquerade party was participated in by over fifty of the pupils. It is not intended to give a description in detail of the various characters assumed, but great credit is due for the manner in which each carried out his or her character. For instance, the person who dressed as an Indian, being a full-blooded Indian himself, executed the war-dance in a manner to make the blood run cold and the hair stand on one's head. Indeed, so many of the disguises were so true to nature and art that it needed no stretch of the imagination to see Mercedes of Monte Cristo; a genuine cow-boy of the plains; a Highland Scotch girl; or a policeman, in uniform. Others were conspicuous for their ludicrousness, but on the principle that "distance lends enchantment," much was lost by being crowded into the only room available for the occasion. It is well known that deaf-mutes are skillful in reproducing motions, and it was not difficult for one to imagine he was looking on a crowd of persons that each personified any more than it would have been difficult, by a slight distortion of the fancy to see the old woman riding a broomstick, or make out a goose of the fairy.

After refreshments had been served the party disbanded at an early hour, well pleased with the manner in which they had observed the first "Gallaudet day" in the institution.

A writer in a London paper says under this head: I stated last week that in former days tame turkeys were fed with walnuts to give them the taste of wild turkeys. In Italy turkeys are always fattened with walnuts. Thirty days before a turkey is to be killed, one walnut is stuffed down his throat. Each day he is given an additional walnut, and on the twenty-ninth day he has twenty-nine walnuts. He is then immensely fat. I have often wondered, adds the writer, why our turkey breeders do not adopt this plan.

From Rev. Job Turner.

BATON ROUGE, La., December 16, 1887.

DEAR JOURNAL:—The Smithsonian Report of 1864, long ago donated to the library of this Institution, says, as follows: "The account thus far given of the character and the habits of the Californians will, to a certain extent, enable the reader to form, in advance, an estimate of their language."

A people without laws and religion, who think and speak of nothing but their food and other things which they have in common with animals, who carry on no trade, and entertain no friendly intercourse with neighboring tribes, that consists, like themselves, only of a few hundred souls and always remain within their own small district, where nothing is to be seen but thorns, rocks, game, and vermin, such a people, I say, cannot be expected to speak an elegant and rich language.

A man of sixty years ran away from my mission, with his son, a boy of about six years, and they spent five years alone in the California wilderness, when they were found and brought back to the mission.

Every one can imagine how and on what subjects these two hermits may have conversed in their daily intercourse. The returned lad, who had then nearly reached his twelfth year, was hardly able to speak three words in succession, and excepting *water, wood, fire, snake, mouse*, and the like, he could name nothing, inasmuch that he was called the dumb and dumb Pablo, or Paul, by his own countrymen. The story of this boy may almost be applied to the whole people.

I have copied this anecdote to give a warning to those deaf-mutes who use their signs only without mingling with speaking people by writing on paper or spelling on their fingers. On this account, such mutes are often called "dummy."

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 19, 1887.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I officiated in this city two Sundays afterwards, and I am about leaving for Virginia.

Last Saturday I received a copy of the *Boston Globe*, of the 10th inst., containing the proceedings of the Boston Jubilee. I hope to hear that it was a perfect success.

I had yesterday, the pleasure of sitting with Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, in the chapel of St. Paul's Church, which is always at my command. He is well acquainted with me. He is doing a great deal of good to the Indians in the West.

Last Saturday, I received a very kind letter from a lady in which she said: "I wish you great success and prosperity, and that your life in the future, may be as useful, as in the past, and although you have been deprived of some blessings that others enjoy, yet it would seem that by this means, God has fitted, and prepared you to accomplish great good in the world. What a satisfaction to feel that you are not living in vain; you are scattering seeds of truth that may spring up, and bear fruit unto life eternal, and while your motive for labor is not reward, yet it will surely come. I am glad that you enjoy such good health, a blessing so essential to the prosecution of your great work."

The other day, I noticed in a Canadian paper that in a certain European city, once lived a little deaf-mute who was trodden under foot to death, by his hard-hearted parents, who said that he was deaf and dumb. We ought to thank God that we have had such good and kind parents. I go to Natchez this afternoon en route to Virginia, where I shall arrive about New Year.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

An Open Letter to "Montague Tigg."

In your report of the St. Joseph's Union ball which was held on Thanksgiving Eve, you stated many things derogatory to the Union, which tried to prove that the ball was not a success either socially or financially. There were so many conflicting statements in the report that it was unnecessary to answer the absurd criticisms. In your report of the Gallaudet Club ball, you went in the opposite direction. It was plain you were endeavoring by trying to bolster that association to make little of the St. Joseph's Union ball. Now, as the statements have gone on record, we will give you a chance to prove these things which you stated as facts in your type. 1st. That the St. Joseph's Union was a failure either socially or financially. 2d. That there were over one hundred persons in masked costume at the Gallaudet Club ball (your figures say there were 500). We the undersigned stand ready to deposit any amount, from 25 cents to five hundred dollars, and at any odds, that you cannot find ten reputable deaf-mute gentlemen to back you in your statements. You have printed the above as facts which reflect great discredit on the St. Joseph's Union, and from what you say, here is a chance for you to make money at very little expense to yourself.

Yours truly,
J. F. DONNELLY, Pres't S. J. U.
J. F. O'NEIL, Treasurer,
N. B.—We will place cash in Mr. Hodgson's, or any other reputable person's, hands. No checks, promises or notes, to be deposited. Cash only.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Economy is wealth.

HOW RESPECTABILITY IS SUSTAINED ON \$15 A MONTH.

Half a dozen of gentlemen in the office of the Palace hotel were talking the other evening of the comparative extravagance of people in San Francisco. An old resident who owns houses by the block and lots by the acre, and is himself regarded as a champion economist, remarked that a good deal of the talk about the extravagance of San Francisco community was fiction.

"I'm inclined to think," said the thrifty capitalist, "that there are just as many economical people in San Francisco as any town in the country. How do you account for the immense deposits in the local savings banks if the community as a community is not strictly economical?"

"I don't quite agree with you," said a well-known young grain speculator who has made and lost millions without being very perceptibly affected thereby. "I think the community as a community is reckless in its estimate of the value of money, but there are no doubt as notable examples of economy to be met with in San Francisco as in any city in the Union. Every pioneer here, for example—a well preserved man with gray beard, neatly brushed clothes and shining silk hat. In early days he was a well to do young jeweler and saved his money, so that he will never need the assistance of his society to appease his undertaker. He began years ago to cut down his living expenses as a matter of principle, and now, when he's old and comparatively comfortable, he has got it down so fine that the sum of \$15 a month supports him."

HOW HE MANAGES IT.

"How does he do it? Well, in the first place he has hunted up a room on the top of Telegraph hill, where he has to ascend by a rope ladder. The marine view is excellent, but the work of getting up is frightful. Still he doesn't mind, for the rent is only \$4 a month. He blacks his own shoes, shaves himself and walks down town to breakfast, making sure that the establishment which he patronizes is able to supply a square meal to a healthy man for fifteen cents. Before he orders he makes it a point to devastate the pickle jar, sweep the table of bread and crackers, radishes, beets or anything else furnished gratis. Then he wades into his modest order, and after demolishing that strolls up to read the papers at the Pioneer hall. He always carries his overcoat thrown loosely over his shoulders, as the common practice of thrusting the arms into the sleeves has a wearing tendency. He invariably spreads a couple of newspapers over his chair in the reading room, so that the cane seats may not too suddenly remove the nap of his already long worn but well preserved pantaloons. He has a patent for hanging up his hat so that it will lose none of its beauty of outline by contact with the wall, and when he dusts it he invariably uses his handkerchief, a brush being calculated to shorten its term of service. He could afford to live at the rate of \$300 a month, so that he willfully puts in the savings bank at his time of life, and without having any family to leave his savings to, some \$285."

“A good many rich people who made their own money, make themselves appear mean without suspecting it or being really as parsimonious as they seem,” remarked a full blooded cattle king. “They got into the habit of driving close bargains when they were poor, and it used to be necessary as well as a matter of principle with them to see that they weren't cheated. They seem to forget, though, that what looked all right with a hard working man on a small salary or his wife, isn't quite the correct thing with the same man or his wife when they have \$20,000,000 or \$30,000,000. Now there was—'s wife and daughter. The market people used to talk about them in a way that would paralyze them if they only heard it, and all on account of their mistaken ideas of what they had a right to do. Most ladies in their position give their market orders and wait till the bills come in to see what the meat is a pound.

ON A MARKETING TOUR.

“These millionaire ladies used to go round the stalls some time ago on a regular marketing tour, and display the same keenness about the price of porterhouse steaks and potatoes per pound, as if a few bits more or less were matters of vital importance. I used to hear the marketmen comment on them, but I knew that it wasn't pure meanness as supposed. It was just a mistaken idea that it was good American horse sense and commendable smartness to go and haggle with several butchers instead of picking out a good, honest man who sold prime meat, and telling him as a wealthy lady should graciously do, to send up so much beef or mutton or whatever she wanted without inquiring about the market prices of such a customer would be worth keeping, and an honest and competent butcher would take pains to see that she got the best in the market and at market rates. Of late, the ladies I alluded have to ceased to visit the markets altogether, and like other rich people, order through a servant.”

“You are right about rich people being both mistaken and misjudged,” said a prominent bond and stock broker. “If a man is worth a hundred thousand dollars they say he's got a million at least, and if he is at all

saving when he has got a million they say he is a miser and starves himself. There was —, who was a rigid economist and great money maker. They said his death was caused by trying to climb over the grave-yard fence where his parents was buried, in Germany, and thus beat the gate-keeper out of a fee of five cents. [That showed the public estimate of his economy. Yet I know the man had a soft spot in his heart. One time I told him about a widow lady, whose husband he used to know years before, when they were well off. The woman was about starving, and he promised to do something for her. A few days after he saw her going up Market street, near the new city hall, and taking five \$20 pieces out of his pocket he wrapped them in a piece of paper, and walking up to her said: 'Good morning, Mrs. —; you dropped this package.' The woman protested that she had lost no \$20 pieces, either wrapped up or loose. She would know if she had, she said. He insisted, however, that she had, and compelled her to take the money and use it as her own.”

“You can advertise it,” said he, “if you like, though I'm sure you dropped it yourself. If it turns out, though, that I'm mistaken, send the owner to me and I'll settle with him.”

—San Francisco Chronicle.

ESTABLISHED 1830

Geo. W. Welsh

HAS REMOVED TO NEW STORE,

233 GREENWICH ST., COR. BARCLAY ST.

NEW YORK.

Elevated R. R. station at door. One block below old stand, where, with additional space, increased facilities and an entirely new stock, he is enabled to offer at the lowest cash prices.

Watches

DIAMONDS, JEWELRY,

SOLID SILVER,

MARBLE CLOCKS, FANCY GOODS,

Watch Repairing and Jobbing of all kinds done on the premises.

EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED.

MANUAL ALPHABET

AND

CALLING CARDS COMBINED

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MANUAL ALPHABET

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhring, President; Chas. E. Green, First Vice-President; S. B. Smith, Second Vice-President; Alex. Dezenford, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Daniel Minihan, Sergeant-at-Arms. Its object is to improve moral, intellectual and social life among its members. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Alex. Dezenford, No. 455 Hudson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theodore Grady; Vice-President, Moses L. Aronson; Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow; Treasurer, H. Caldwell; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A. M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday of each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The objects of the Cambridge Society of Deaf-Mutes are to promote the spiritual, moral, educational and intellectual welfare of the deaf-mutes in Cambridge and vicinity. The officers are: President, A. W. Orent; Secretary, E. W. Frisbee, and Treasurer, A. C. Hargrave. Sunday services and prayer meeting from 12:30 to 2 P. M. at the Central Square First Baptist Church, until further notice.

CAPITAL CITY ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

Meetings are held every Thursday evening, at 7:30 P. M., in St. Paul's Parish house, entrance at Jay Street. Its officers are: President, W. G. Shaw; Vice-President, J. P. M. Palmer; Secretary, Paddy Sharkey; Treasurer, C. H. Sparrow; Secretary, M. R. Palmer; Chairman of Committee, C. F. Mull. All business matters of the month for members only. Debates every second Thursday. Lectures every third Thursday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. James Russell, President. All communications should be addressed to W. G. Shaw, 153 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y. Regular meetings for ladies and gentlemen, occur the second, third and last Thursday, while its business on the first Thursday of each month.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets on the second, every Thursday evening at 8 P. M., in the School Building of St. Michael's Church on West 32d Street, 9th Avenue, New York. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Thursday. Lectures every third Thursday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. James Russell, President. All communications should be addressed to W. G. Shaw, 153 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y. Regular meetings for ladies and gentlemen, occur the second, third and last Thursday, while its business on the first Thursday of each month.

CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1879, and has for its object the mutual service and improvement of its members. Its meetings are in Anderson Hall, No. 192 West 5th Street, on the first and third Saturdays of each month at 8 P. M. Visitors can be invited by members. The President is Mr. W. C. Harrison, and the Secretary, Mr. H. M. Smith, Secretary, No. 67 West Ninth St., Cincinnati, O.

CLERG LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clero Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P. M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December, and March and 4th Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Mr. W. C. Harrison, President, Wm. G. Harrison, Secretary, 3409 Ludlow St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DE L'EPÉE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of the Deaf-Mutes' Mission 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Edw. J. Carr is President. For information and communication, address to Mr. Wm. F. Fields, Secretary, 1400 Locust St., or to Rev. E. V. Leblond, 710 Pine St.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the deaf-mutes in the State. Its officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President, Bennington; Willie A. Dearing, Secretary, Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intelligence and improvement among its members to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pas-a-Pas, "step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month, at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is organized as follows: President, Saturday, J. J. Smith; Vice-President, Edward King; Secretary, Matt Mullen; Treasurer, Jas. K. Watson. Address President or Secretary Pas-a-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Street, corner Livingston St., Brooklyn. Object: mutual aid. All communications to be addressed to James P. Mahon, Jr., 2020 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meetings at the Empire Building. Regular business meetings on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purpose of the club is to promote the moral, intellectual and social life of its members, but the literary and educational of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcome on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, William Stafford; Vice-President, Marcus H. Kerr; Secretary, J. J. Smith; Treasurer, Louis Jacoby; Sergeant-at-Arms, Samuel Perlmutter; Trustees, Geo. T. Dougherty and A. N. Morrell. Secretary's address is No. 901 Biddle Street.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in the place where they live. It is open to all who are willing to help to support a local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are: E. W. Frisbee